

THE EVANSVILLE JOURNAL.

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FOR PRESIDENT:
ZACHARY TAYLOR.

CITY OF EVANSVILLE:

THURSDAY, JANUARY 6, 1847.

"The Gleaner," published at New Harmony, is very anxious to take credit to its party for the course of its members on the question of the adjournment of the Legislature, and to throw all the blame of that move on their opponents. The editor says that, "this event has been brought about by a pretty fair Whig majority," and then adds:

"The Democratic Senator from Posey and Vanderburgh, we are told, took a manly stand against the whole proceeding."

Unfortunately for the editor and those friends of the Senator who are anxious to build up his popularity and run him into Congress, this isn't true. The person who "told" the editor that yarn imposed upon him. The eyes and nose don't show that the Senator took any "stand" of the kind, but on the contrary he recoiled while reading them to have thought Mr. James quite as anxious to pocket his mileage and get away as any of them, Whig or loco. For the benefit of our loco friends we publish the vote, which was upon Mr. Osborn's motion "to reconsider the resolution of the House, (adjoining) on account of the small-pox," which had previously been laid upon the table, and the eyes and nose being taken resulted as follows:

Ayes—Messrs. Beard, Berry, Cassatt, Chenoweth, Coats, Cornett, Day, English, Green, Handy, Howell, Hubbard, Huffstetter, JAMES, Marsh, Miller, Milliken, Osborn, Robinson, Taber, Verbrake, Waters, Winchell, Zenor—24.

Nays—Barbour, Condit, Davis, Ellis, Goodenow, Hamrick, Hardin, Henry, Holloway, Houghton, Malott, Martin, McCarthy, Milligan, Montgomery, Morrison, Orth, Randall, Rees, Rousseau, Simpson, Stewart—22.

That certainly don't look as if Mr. James took a very firm "stand" against the measure, on the contrary we are inclined to think he had become a little alarmed himself just about that time, and was quite willing to go with the majority. On the vote which followed, to strike out the mileage, Mr. James voted in the negative, showing that he had quite as great love for the leaves and fishes as any of his brethren. That vote we give also, that our loco friends may appreciate the "manliness" of our Senator.

On the vote to strike out the mileage, it was decided in the negative as follows:

Ayes—Chenoweth, Condit, Cornett, Davis, Goodenow, Hamrick, Hardin, Henry, Malott, Milliken, Montgomery, Morrison, Orth, Rees, Simpson, Stewart, Verbrake, Waters—18.

Nays—Barbour, Beard, Berry, Cassatt, Day, English, Ellis, Green, Handy, Holloway, Howell, Houghton, Huffstetter, JAMES, Marsh, Martin, McCarthy, Miller, Milligan, Murray, Osborn, Randall, Robinson, Rousseau, Taber, Walpole, Winchell, Zenor—29.

We agree with the editor of the *Gleaner* that to desert their duties was bad enough; but when the members, in addition to that voted to pay themselves money to run away upon, we think it outrageous, and that the press generally should hold them up to deserved ridicule. We hope our friend at New Harmony will not forget to state that this wrong upon the people is mainly owing to the "manly stand" taken by our Senator.

DEATH OF SENATOR FAIRFIELD.—In the congressional proceedings received by telegraph a few days since the death of Senator Fairfield, of Maine, was announced. We now learn from our exchanges that he was afflicted with dropsy in the leg. He attended the sittings of the Senate on the 23d, and on the morning of the 24th submitted to a surgical operation, under which he sunk the same evening. Mr. F. has filled many public stations. He has been Governor of Maine, Representative in Congress for many years, and at the time of his death was chairman of the Naval Committee of the Senate.

THE NATIONAL WHIG SAYS THE SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES IS ABOUT TO ABATE ONE GREAT NUISANCE IN THE CAPITAL, WHICH SHOULD NEVER HAVE BEEN CONTAINED IN THAT BUILDING, THE RESTAURANT ATTACHED TO THE HOUSE. Violent and disagreeable scenes have frequently occurred on the floor, which would never have happened but for this resort. Mr. Winthrop is entitled to the approbation of all who respect the propriety and honor of Congress for his decision and firmness in this matter. It is also due to Mr. Dallas to say that he issued orders some time back, to have the restaurant attached to the Senate removed. On the first of January Congress will begin its legislation free from the disgusting odors of these dram-shops and their attendants.

GEN. TAYLOR'S WIDOW.—The highly respectable editor of the *Pittsburg Gazette* writing from Washington city, says:

"General," said one of Taylor's officers, now in public life, "tell me if you are a Whig or democrat. Some say you are one, and some the other, which is true?"

The response was characteristic enough. "I am neither. But when the question is plumply put to me as now, I am a full-blooded Whig, and one quarter over."

THE FOLLOWING RESOLUTION WAS OFFERED IN THE TENNESSEE SENATE ON FRIDAY. The Louisville Journal thinks from the tones of the Nashville press that it will pass both houses:

Resolved by the General Assembly of the State of Tennessee, That the people of Tennessee, by their Representatives, do hereby recommend to their fellow-citizens of the Union Gen. Zachary Taylor as a candidate for the Presidency at the next election, in whose ability, impartiality, and devotion to the Constitution, confidence can be safely reposed by the people.

WIDOWS OF "THE SIXTIES."—In addition to the names of other venerable women, a correspondent of the *National Intelligencer* adds that the Widow of Elbridge Gerry is also living, in the 84th year of her age at New Haven.

"DOWN WITH PROBATE COURTS."

Such is the heading of an article in the last State Journal, by a correspondent; and in truth the reasons given for wishing to dispense with this auxiliary for winding up an estate, strike us as good and entitled to consideration. There is no doubt that great individual wrongs are done repeatedly through ignorance, and often through favoritism, in this Court, and it is high time the matter was looked into by those having the power to correct the evil. We give below the article from the Journal, and may refer to the matter again ourselves when we have more leisure than we can claim this morning.

Mr. Editor:—I desire, through the medium of your paper, to call the attention of our Legislature to our Probate Courts, and the evils of the system, and the necessity of change. This matter has slumbered too long, and the wrongs to individuals—and indeed the expense to community—which are now daily developing themselves, should arouse us to action.

The Probate Judge is invested with as much law and equity jurisdiction, in many cases, as our other Courts. And who pray, is usually Probate Judge? A man unlearned in the law often unlearned in any thing.

Children are defrauded—estates squandered—lands sold unjustly, and creditors cheated—by the Probate Court, not wickedly but ignorantly.

We sustain this Court now at an expense to the State of near \$5000. Its decisions and improper action, produce other suits—in other Courts—and the day is near at hand when our Circuit and Probate Courts will be fully occupied with causes growing out of the illegal acts of Probate Courts, their officers and agents.

Now where there is much power, there should be some knowledge to wield it aright. At present it is wielded without knowledge.

I propose a remedy. Increase the number of our Circuit Courts, and require the President Judges to do the Probate business. Lessen the extent of each circuit and require the Judge to hold three terms each year instead of two. Let there be certain days and times set apart for Probate business, during the term, and require it to be done by the President Judge.

Let all administration accounts be filed in the Clerk's office, and a published notice given of the day and court to which they will be presented for confirmation.

Let no land be sold (belonging to an estate) for any purpose, except upon petition, notice and proof of actual necessity for such sale. Away with all your motions and orders on that, and old woman's fire-side judiciary, that beggars an orphan to subsist a friend, or to fulfill a dolt-headed Judge's discretion. The Lord help them who are subjected to such discretion as that of an ignorant Probate Court.

And as a matter of economy, we should change this system. It is costing us thousands now, in the expense to our people, while trying suits and correcting errors, all growing out of the action of Probate Courts.

Let it be economy in another way.—The Associate Judges of our Circuit Courts are useless appendages. They do no good. Nineteen times out of twenty they are mere cyphers. Away with them, then. You cannot abolish them but you can allow them only ten cents per day, and then no one will set, or if he do, it will cost us but little. As a general rule, ten cents is as much as they are worth. All men agree that they are useless. By this course we will save about \$7500 a year, that is now paid by the people for Associate Judges, throughout the State. Add to this sum \$4500 paid to the Probate Courts, and we have the sum of \$12,000, with which to regenerate and improve this abominable Probate system.

To do it let us make five new Circuits, and throw all the business into the Circuit Courts. Pay your President Judges \$1000 per year, and then they can live and do their duty.

To do this, our account would stand thus:

For the present 12 Judges add \$200 each.....\$2400
For 5 new Judges.....5000

Total.....\$7400
Amount of fund saved from Probate Courts and Associate Judges.....\$12000

Balance saved to the people every year.....\$4600

Now think of this, and remember, too, that not only is it economy—an actual saving to the people—but also, that by this saving you have placed the administration of law and chancery powers, in the hands of officers whose lives have been devoted to learn how to administer them right.

MARKING.

GEN. TAYLOR'S ADMINISTRATION.—"I know not how others felt," said Gen. Taylor, in one of his brief and beautiful replies to the complimentary address made to him in New Orleans, "but for myself, how much soever I may forget, in the hour of battle, the sad consequences of the strife, they always rush upon my mind afterwards, making my heart sick and causing me to feel like a child. I had hoped to have done more for my country than I have. I thought I might have been enabled to accomplish as speedily and honorable peace—an event essential to the welfare of both countries and particularly so to our own."

How different the tone and sentiment breathed in this simple yet touching effusion from the spirit that coldly runs through the President's official remarks on the subject of the war!

Whatever stress may be laid upon the idea of compelling Mexico to make peace on the basis of our demands; how plausibly soever these demands may be glossed under the vague generalities of "indemnity for the past and security for the future," the belief, we presume, is almost universal that the President's policy of carrying the war with renewed force into the vital parts of the enemy's country, and of continuing to strike a prostrate adversary, will not result in any peace save such as may be enforced by the occupation of the whole country and the continued presence of our armies there.

The view presents a gloomy prospect. We turn from it to find relief and cheerful hope in the language of the brave warrior, who, in the usages of camps and the strife of battles, preserves a heart full of the kindest human sympathies and a head always clear, intelligent and self-possessed. A speedy and an honorable peace is, indeed, "an event essential to the welfare of both countries; and particularly so to our own." The course of the Administration gives us hope of such a peace.—*Baltimore American.*

From the Alexandria Gazette.

Logorhous Doctrine.—We invite the attention of the People to the following brief but significant paragraph from the *Washington Union*. It is extracted from the N. Y. correspondence of the government organ, and is evidently only a fore-shadowing of the evils which the policy of the present Administration is destined to fasten upon the country—a standing army and direct taxation!

"Both the Democratic papers of this city—the *Globe* and *Evening Post*—have espoused with almost warmhearted recommendation the Secretary of the Treasury in favor of a tax on tea and coffee. There can be no doubt that DIRECT TAXATION is essentially Democratic, and has only to be brought fairly before the people to find favor with the majority."

THE FOLLOWING RESOLUTIONS WERE SUBMITTED TO THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, BY MR. LINCOLN, OF ILLINOIS ON THE 23d ult. They will attract attention from the fact that they stick to the spot in Mexico, where the first blood in the war was shed, with the tightness that characterized the fabled shirt of the fabled Nessus! Evidently there is music in that very tall Mr. Lincoln.

Whereas, the President of the United States, in his message of May 11th, 1846, has declared, that the Mexican government not only refused to receive him (the envoy of the United States) or listen to his propositions; but after a long continued series of menaces, have at last invaded our territory, and shed the blood of our fellow-citizens on our own soil.

And again, in his message of December 8, 1846, "we had ample cause of war against Mexico long before the breaking out of hostilities. But even then we forbore to take redress in our own hands, until Mexico herself became the aggressor by invading our soil, in hostile array, and shedding the blood of our citizens."

And yet again, in his message of December 7, 1847, that "the Mexican government refused even to hear the terms of adjustment which (our minister of peace) was authorized to propose; and, finally, under wholly unjustifiable pretenses, involved the two countries in war, by invading the territory of the State of Texas, striking the first blow, and shedding the blood of our citizens on our own soil."

And whereas this House is desirous to obtain a full knowledge of all the facts which go to establish whether the particular spot on which the blood of our citizens was shed, was at that time our own soil, or not at that time our own soil.

Resolved by the House of Representatives, That the President of the United States is respectfully requested to inform this House:

1st. Whether the spot on which the blood of our citizens was shed, was at that time our own soil, or not at that time our own soil.

2d. Whether that spot is or is not within the territory which was ceded to Spain by the revolutionary government of Mexico.

3d. Whether that spot is or is not within a settlement of people, which settlement has existed ever since long before the Texas revolution, and until its inhabitants fled before the approach of the United States army.

4th. Whether that spot is or is not isolated from any and all other settlements by the Gulf and the Rio Grande on the south and west, and by wide uninhabited regions on the north and east.

5th. Whether the people of that settlement, or a majority of them, or any of them, have ever submitted themselves to the government, or laws of Texas, or of the United States, by consent or compulsion, either by accepting office, or voting at elections, or paying tax, or serving on juries, or having process served upon them, or in any other way.

6th. Whether the people of that settlement did or did not flee from the approach of the U. S. States army, leaving unprotected their homes and their growing crops, before the blood was shed, as in the messages stated; and whether the first blood so shed, was or was not shed within the enclosure of one of the people who had thus fled from it.

7th. Whether our citizens, whose blood was shed as in his messages declared, were, or were not, at that time armed officers and soldiers, sent into that settlement by the military orders of the President through the Secretary of War.

8th. Whether the military force of the United States was or was not so sent into that settlement, after General Taylor had more than once intimated to the War Department, that, in his opinion, no such movement was necessary to the defence or protection of Texas.

THANKS TO GEN. TAYLOR.—Mr. John W. Houston, of Delaware, on the 20th, gave notice of his intention to introduce the following resolutions of thanks to General Taylor, which were read by common consent for the information of the House.

Resolved, by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That the thanks of Congress are due, and they are hereby tendered, to Major General Zachary Taylor, and through him to the officers and soldiers of the regular army, and of the volunteers under his command, for Santa Anna, and thereby obtaining a victory over the enemy, which for its signal and brilliant character, is unsurpassed in the military annals of the world.

Resolved, That the President of the United States be requested to cause to be struck, a Gold Medal, with devices emblematic of this splendid achievement, and presented to Major General Taylor as a testimony of the high esteem and distinguished conduct on that memorable occasion.

Resolved, That the President of the United States be requested to cause the foregoing resolutions to be communicated to Major General Taylor, in such a manner as may seem best calculated to effect the objects thereof.

THE NATIONAL WHIG SAYS THE WAR OFFICE HAS RECEIVED BY THE OFFICERS WHO HAVE RECENTLY ARRIVED FROM MEXICO, VARIOUS TROPHIES OF THE WAR. Among them are two small beautiful brass wall pieces or ornaments; sent by Gen. Scott and brought to that city by Col. Andrews.

The most curious of these trophies is the black flag of the guerrillas. The material is bombazette. The ornaments and letters in the centre, upon the red ground, are worked with green silk upon black cloth pieces, except the squares, which are worked with white.

But the most remarkable is a small pennant on the top, made of black, 22 inches by 11, with various military ornament. On the top and bottom area a death's head and cross-bones. In the centre these ominous words—"No *dois curtel*."—GIVE NO QUARTER. This staff and flag was taken at La Mira Flores, on the 13th Aug., 1847, from the guerrillas who attacked Lt. Hammond's party.

At the city Hall (New York) yesterday we met a soldier who served as private in the battle before the capital. At Churubusco, while crossing the cornfield and within ten or fifteen rods of the enemy, just as he was biting dead from a cartridge to load his musket, a ball struck his temple, passed behind one eye, and out the bridge of his nose, behind the other eye, and out of the other temple! Being exposed to a cross fire from our troops he thinks the ball came from them. It did not knock him down, nor has he suffered any other result from it than the loss of sight, which is almost total. He can distinguish light from darkness, but nothing more. His eyelids have fallen in, and the lids are closed; but his general health is not suffered at all. We were not able to learn his name, but he belonged to the New York regiment. His case is certainly singular.—*Courier of Saturday.*

A TOUCHING STORY.

BY PROFESSOR WILSON.

The coffin was let down to the bottom of the grave, the planks were removed from the heaped up brick, the first rattling clods had struck their knell, the quick shovelling was over, and the long, broad, shuffling cut pieces of turf were applied together, and trimly laid by the heaping spade, so that the narrow mound in the church yard was scarcely distinguished from those that were grown over by the undisturbed grass and daisies of a luxuriant spring.

The burial was soon over, and the party with one consenting motion, having uncovered their heads in devout reverence of the place and occasion, were beginning to separate and about to leave the church-yard. Here some acquaintance from different parts of the parish, who had not had an opportunity of addressing each other in the house that had belonged to the deceased; nor in the course of the hundred yards that the little procession had to move from his bed to his grave, were shaking hands quietly but cheerfully, and enquiring after the welfare of each other's families. There a knot of neighbors were speaking without exaggeration, of the respectable character which the deceased had borne, and mentioning to another the little incident of his life, some of them so remote as to be known only to the gray-headed of the group. While a few yards further, removed from the spot, were standing together parties who discussed ordinary concerns, altogether unconnected with the funeral, such as the state of the market, the price of the season, or change of tenants; but still with a sobriety of manner and voice that was insensibly produced by the influence of the simple ceremony now closed, by the quiet graves around, and the shadow of the spire and steeple in the distance.

Two men yet stood together at the head of the grave with severe and unimpassioned grief. They were brothers—the only sons of him who had been buried; and there was something in their situation that naturally kept the eyes of many directed upon them for a long time, and more intently than would have been the case had there been nothing more observable than the common symptoms of common sorrow. But these two brothers who were standing at the head of their father's grave, had been separated for many years, and had never seen each other, and the only few words that had passed between them during all that time, had been uttered within a few days past, during the necessary preparations for the old man's funeral.

No deep and deadly quarrel was between the brothers, and neither of them could distinctly tell the cause of their estrangement. Perhaps dim jealousies of their father's favor; selfish thoughts that will sometimes force themselves into poor men's hearts, respecting temporal expectations, unaccommodating manners on both sides; taunting words, and harsh and angry looks, and a long and bitter feud, which had been growing for years, and which had been festering in remembrance; imagined opposition of interest, that, duly considered, would have been one and the same; these and many other causes, slight when single, but strong when rising up together in one beneficial band, had prevented them from being shown, and these two brothers stood there together, determined not to let each other know the mutual tenderness that in spite of them was rushing up in their hearts, and teaching them the unconfessed folly and wickedness of their conduct.

A head stone had been prepared, and a person came forward to plant it—a plain stone, with a sand glass, scull and cross bones, chiseled, not rudely, and a few words inscribed. The younger brother regarded the operation with a troubled eye, and a troubled heart, he heard by several of the bystanders, "William, this is not kind in you—you should have told me of this. I loved my father as well as you could have loved him. You were the elder, and it may be, the favorite son; but I had a right in nature to have joined you, in ordering the head stone. In each and in all these things, he is the equal of the schoolmaster—if it might not be thought irreverent, we should, perhaps, say, he excels him. But, then, the master of the school could, it was said, *gauge*! This, which was properly regarded as the climax of greatness, is not, as the reader will perceive, asserted with positiveness, the "story ran" so. To complete the parallel, inquiry must be made into this matter. Will the Richmond Enquirer answer this question: "Can Mr. Walker gauge?"—*Balt. Patriot.*

A BEAUTIFUL LETTER.—The following exquisitely feminine and eloquent epistle was written by the celebrated Mrs. Godolphin, and published a few days before her death. She had been one of the beauties of Charles the Second's Court, but successfully resisting the blandishments of that corrupt circle, had resigned, and married Mr. Godolphin, afterwards the Duke of Devonshire. Evelyn, who knew Mrs. Guel, calls her "his dear saint." It is needless to say her husband never married again—how could he after the loss of such a wife!

"My dear, not knowing how God Almighty may will with me, I think it my best course to settle my affairs, so as that, in case I be to leave this world, no earthly thing may take up my thoughts. In the first place, my dear, believe me, that of all earthly things you were and are the most dear to me; and I am convinced that nobody ever had a better or happier good husband. I beg your pardon for all my imperfections, which I am sensible were many; but such as I could help I did endeavor to subdue, that they might not trouble you."

"I know nothing more I have to desire of you, but that you will sometimes think of me with kindness, but never with too much grief. For my funeral, I desire there may be no cost upon it at all; but, if I might, I would beg that my body might lie where I have had such a mind to go myself, at Godolfin, where I was born, and where I was carried by Sea, the expense would not be very great; but I don't insist upon that place, if you think it not reasonable; lay me where you please."

"I pray, my dear, be kind to that poor child, I leave behind, for my sake who loved you so well; but I need not bid you, I know you will be so. I should think that little Mary again, I humbly beg that little fortune I brought may be first settled upon my Child, and that as long as any of your Sisters live, you will let it (if they permit) live with them, for it may be so, tho' you will love it, my successor will not be so fond of it as they I am sure will be."

"Now, my dear Child, farewell."

MINIATURES.—Mr. J. W. Young, who has been in our city for some time, taking likenesses designs leaving in a few days. We have seen a number of miniatures taken by this gentleman, which we think are excellent, better than usual, and as it may be some time before another artist visits us, we would advise all who have any desire to possess a likeness of themselves to pay him a visit before he leaves. He takes miniatures without regard to the weather, at prices from \$1.50 to \$5.00.

"My sons—if you will let my bones lie quiet in the grave, near the dust of your mother, depart not from my burial, fill in the name of God and Christ, you promise to love one another as you used to do. Dear boys, receive my blessing."

Some turned their heads away to hide the tears that needed not be hidden—and when the brothers had released each other from a long and sobbing embrace, many went up to them and in a single word or two expressed their joy at this perfect reconciliation. The brothers themselves walked away from the church yard, with the minister to the Manse. On the following Sabbath, they were seen sitting, with their families, in the same pew, and it was observed they read out of the same bible, when the minister gave out the text; and that they sang together, taking hold of the same psalm book. The same psalm was sung, (given out at their request,) of which one verse had been repeated at their father's grave; a larger sum than usual was on that Sabbath found on the plate for the poor, for Love and Charity are sisters. And ever after, both during the peace and troubles of this life, the hearts of the brothers were as one, and in nothing were they divided.

MR. SECRETARY WALKER.—Goldsmith's schoolmaster has come to life in the person of Mr. Secretary Walker. The Richmond Enquirer, (one of Mr. W.'s intimate friends) exhausts the usual terms of eulogy upon the Secretary's late report, and in a paroxysm of panegyric exclaims—

"Reading this powerful paper, we were reminded of some of the lines of Goldsmith's beautiful description of the village school-master:—

"The village all declared how much he knew,
"Twas certain he could write and cipher too;
And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew,
That one small head should carry all he knew."

"What a treasure the country has in this Secretary! It is certain he can write, and, if extraordinary, he can 'cipher' too! Where shall we look, or, to speak more correctly, when, shall we look for an union of these two rare accomplishments in one small head, again? Nature is not prolific in such heads, and, it is believed, exhaustive her powers for years in the effort to produce one. We must not expect too much of nature, beautiful mother as she is, and therefore should not hope to see another 'small head' in our day, like that which Mr. Walker is blessed with."

But does not the Enquirer stop in the parallel, at the point where it becomes most striking? If, as all will allow, Mr. Walker writes and ciphers, does he not also in the other characteristic of the "village schoolmaster" even excel him? You who have read the Secretary's report, read also this answer:

In arguing, too, the person owned his skill. For even though vanquished he could argue still!

When Mr. Walker has given evidence of the possession of this talent, who shall attempt to enumerate! And, not to refer to other proofs of its being in him, who will read his report and say that the man who produced it can ever be argued down?

The parallel is perfect, and those who believe in the doctrine of the transmigration of souls, may appeal to this example of it, as proof conclusive.

And yet the case is stronger even than has been shown. Goldsmith's schoolmaster not kept on arguing after he was vanquished, but in the argument itself he amazed his hearers, for it is written:

White words of learning lasted and thund'ring sound,
Amazed the gaping rustics ranged around.
And even the story ran—that he could gauge!

Mr. Walker can, we believe, measure lands indeed he has a personal fondness for getting them. He has shown that in his Texas letter. In each and in all these things, he is the equal of the schoolmaster—if it might not be thought irreverent, we should, perhaps, say, he excels him. But, then, the master of the school could, it was said, *gauge*! This, which was properly regarded as the climax of greatness, is not, as the reader will perceive, asserted with positiveness, the "story ran" so. To complete the parallel, inquiry must be made into this matter. Will the Richmond Enquirer answer this question: "Can Mr. Walker gauge?"—*Balt. Patriot.*

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MINIATURES.—Mr. J. W. Young, who has been in our city for some time, taking likenesses designs leaving in a few days. We have seen a number of miniatures taken by this gentleman, which we think are excellent, better than usual, and as it may be some time before another artist visits us, we would advise all who have any desire to possess a likeness of themselves to pay him a visit before he leaves. He takes miniatures without regard to the weather, at prices from \$1.50 to \$5.00.

Explosion of the Steamer A. N. Johnson.—SEVENTY LIVES LOST.—We are indebted to a friend for an extra from the office of the Cincinnati Commercial of Thursday, giving an account of a horrid explosion and loss of life on board the steamer A. N. Johnson near Maysville. That paper says:

"Yesterday morning at 2 o'clock, Dec. 29th, the steamer A. N. Johnson, bound for Wheeling, when 10 miles above Maysville, blew up, with a tremendous explosion—the boat and cargo a total loss. The explosion threw one whole boiler about 200 yards, into a cornfield, and one half of another was thrown about 30 yards in an opposite direction. The boat took fire with the explosion, and burnt to the water's edge. There was supposed to have been on the boat when the explosion took place, 95 cabin and 64 deck passengers, when the fearful accident occurred. Several children were thrown on shore, only one of whom was hurt. Some of the men took a skiff and proceeded to Maysville for assistance. The steamer Daniel Boone proceeded to the scene of disaster, and gave all the assistance in her power. The wounded were dressed, and every possible relief afforded them by the captain, who, after attending to the wants of the sufferers, as far as possible, took them to Maysville, where every attention was paid them. The Old Fellows, Masons, and Sons of Temperance, appointed committees to attend to their wants, and relieve, as far as was in their power, their distress."

"There were supposed to have been 160 lives lost. Of those not killed, 37 were not expected to live. Twenty horses were on the boat and perished in the flames. The survivors were five ladies, not known."

A correspondent of the Cincinnati Chronicle writing from near Maysville, under date of Wednesday night says:

"It is impossible to get anything like a correct statement of the loss of life out of the several rumors in circulation. It may however be set down, I think, at about 40. Some of the reports say as many as one hundred. Several pieces of the wreck have been seen floating past our city; and a trunk was picked up a few moments ago."

"Our City Council, on hearing of the disaster, immediately convened, and made an appropriation to charter the 'Boone' to go to the relief of the sufferers. The Council of Temperance and Old Fellows, have sent up Committees to look after the unfortunate. On the return of the Boone, which leaves at 8 o'clock, I will drop you another line, giving such information as may be obtained. In the mean time accept assurance of my good wishes."

"N. B. The trunk brought to shore, belongs to C. Walker, N. Y., and contains a package for delivery in Philadelphia, from J. Draper, Cincinnati."

"P. S.—The Boone has just returned from the wreck bringing her thirty-four of the badly wounded. Most of them must die, and two dead—the clerk and Mr. Fairchild. It is said, by those who have seen them,